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Solomon's PORCH: OR THE Beautiful Gate of Wisdom's Temple.

A POEM; Introductory to the Philadelphian Age.

WHEN Sinful Man first left the Blissful Seat,
Outcast, forlorn ; from all that's Good or Great,
From Virgin-Purity, and Virgin-Love
Banish'd, and Doom'd round the curst Earth to rove,
In Bestral Image vile ; the Fiend within
Possession took, without the Beast was seen.
God's Temple wasted lay : His Image bright
Thick-veil'd in black Egyptian Shades of Night.
That Glorious Shechinah which Erst did thine
In His clear Soul ; the once All-beauteous Shrine,
The Seat and Mansion of th' Eternal Trine ;
How is it fled ! its finest Gold how dim !
Its Stones pour'd out, its Precious Trim
Oracular no more, all clouded lies ;
Where Demons now their Oracles disguise.
From Heights of Bliss to Deeper Woes he fell,
Still falling, sinking still down tow'rds the Abyss of Hell.
This cou'dst thou not behold Almighty Love,
But in Compassions dear, thy tender Bowels move :
Pity and Mercy move. The Heavenly Bride
Sophia torn from Her new Lover's side,

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Her Bridegroom could not thus forgo. Her Eyes
In Pearly Dews distilling, as he Dies
One parting Glance She threw : Fast hold it took,
And stopt him finking : Caus'd him back to look
Repentant. Deeper then, the Heavenly Ray,
Wing'd with Loves Fires, more piercing, makes its way :
God's Light and Love conjoyn'd ; e're long to dwell
Within him, in the blest *Immortal*.

Till then content in Tabernacles low, show.
And Temples made with Hands, some gleams of God to
They Travel hand in hand thro' every Age ;
In poor Disguise and humble Pilgrimage :
With only Types of Rest at every greater Stage.
One glorious King, the Virgin did desry,
Enamour'd, courted, entertained her high :
She staid a while ; all Blessings round her fly.
He would have had his Deitess enshrin'd
With Earth's Magnificence in one combin'd.
A glorious Temple-structure rends the Skie ;
The World's Amazement : little in her Eye.
Departing yet, this Favour high We deign
Said She, be Thine a Type of our Returning Reign.
This House a Draught in Miniature shall be
Of an Eternal Temple Rais'd by Me.

This Revolution finisht, on they go
Now Downwards, back again to Scenes of Woe,
Thro' Deaths still conquering Death ; where e're they
Pierce deeper ; and take fatter hold of Man. (can
Till in the Virgin meek she found abode
More chaff ; and Lodg'd in her the Infant God.
Here, by the O're-shadowings of the Heav'ly Dove,
She unlocks the Centre of Eternal Love.
Here Light and Love, but scattered in the Earth
Till now ; unite their Beams, and to a Birth
Proceeding, one blest Humane Offspring Crown
With Godhead Power ; Whose Kingdoms vast Renown
Through Infamy, Anguish and Death must Rise :
A bleeding Victor, a Triumphant Sacrifice.

Here

Here a true Living Temple they enjoy'd ;
Delighted, *Reſted in*, which thoughli destroy'd
In outward frame the Grave could not with-hold,
From rising Glorious ; brighter far, ten Thousand-fold.
Hail *Sion's* Joy, her precious Corner-stone,
The Heavenly *Salem's* true Foundation,
The God, the Man, the Virgin all in One.
The Builders thee refus'd ; but thou the Head
Supream, and we're thy happy Members made :
Strictly compacted into one ; the whole
One Body in thee, one Heart, one Life, one Soul.
 Ere long, ith' next great Revolution,
When the fair Virgin Pilgrims Stage is done,
Her Travails ended, and her Garland won ;
A Temple-Glory of Living Stones to rise ;
Whose Base shall fill the Earth ; whose Head the Skies,
Love yet can't triumph here, without its Mate,
Till Light and Beauty too become Incorporate.

Thus still disguised to this great Stage they sped,
Contented still to suffer, grieve, and bleed :
Bleed in their Members dear. Through all they move
Up Hill, to Triumphs hastening. Now the Dove
Affistant powerful joyns ; in each pure Soul,
Oreshadowing, Christ to form. Spight of coartoul
From Dæmons malice, or fierce Tyrants hate,
God's Image, Light, and Life, they here create :
Still spreading, Tincturing deep ; till all's Divine ;
And Christ in ev'ry Feature, ev'ry line,
Appearing, shall ev'n Here through Soul and Body shine.
In vain Hell's Obſtacles and Bars oppose :
Each Seal the Conquerors as they pass disclose.
The *Last New* Opening, when the Spirits Day
Its Powers uninterrupted shall Display.
See, see, the Virgin sends a Previous Ray.

From thy dark Cell now great *Bahominus* rise ;
Tutor to Sages, Mad to th' Worldly wife.
Wisdom's first distant Phosphor, to whose sight
Internal Natures Ground, all naked bright
Unveils, all Worlds appear, Heavens spread their Light

Early, thou risest Glorious: but in Clouds
Thick set, not sent to th' Vulgar: nor the Learned Croud
Of Reasons Orb, too Low: none thee descry;
None but the well purg'd Mystick Eagle-Eye
Of some few Anchoretic Elected Magi.
Here all past Sages veil and disappear.
Ev'n *Mallebranc* hends beneath his Weighty Character;
To Thee resign'd: and tis but just, for He
Draws all from one small Rivulet of Thee:
Fountain of Science, Art, and Mystery.
Where *Stagyrise*, *Hermes*, *Plato*, all combine,
De Carte in ev'ry Page, and *Boyle* in ev'ry Line.
And yet *Alone*, by Eminence, The Divine.
By whom advis'd the Firstling Flocks small Band
Prepare, well Trim their Lamps, and ready stand.
'Midst whom for pious Zeal and forward Care,
Great *Portage* with thy Generous *File* appear.
Adventurous Worthies, set ith' Forlorn Hope
With Hell's outragious Malice first to Cope.
Furious the Dragon storms, all methods tries,
Ev'n by false Magick dark incrept
To crush the Royal Infant Spirits rise.
But on they charge undaunted, strive, and Pray,
Believe, Watch, Bleed, and Travel; force a way
For entrance, and foretaft the Glorious Day.
As th' Dark breaks loose, still the Light World's display'd,
By th' *Virgins* Magick Wand the cursed Fiends are laid:
Pure Spirit breath's: New Senses open flye;
They see; and all with joyn't Assent,
Hail Great *Bohemius* cry.
All's True; we bear thee Record: Hail to thee,
Fountain of Science, Art, and Mystery.

At last Great Hero throw off thy undress:
Speak, condescend familiar. Now, no less,
A Cherub-Seraph, towring, flaming high
Is sent thy Veil to rend, thy *Gordian* Knot to untye.
Commander sole of all the Graceful Charms
That flow in Language, Passion, Harmony,
Tempered just. In summe, Second to Thee.

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The Wondrous *Taylor* now Revolves again
Ardent, Seraphick and with tenfold Fires :
Thunder, and Fire, and Love compose the Name,
How should it then not breath Harmonious Powers,
Or want Empyreal Flame
Through whose clear Stile in each Transparent Line,
Thy rough cut, well-set, Polist Diamonds shine ;
Each Page outstreaming Light, & kindling Love Divine.

All Barrs remov'd at last Heavens Dawn appears,
The Virgin blushes round the Hemispheres.
Shedding Celestial Rosie Tincture pure,
From *Sharon's* Spicy Beds ; of radiant Hue :
Mixt with her own fair Lilies Silver Dew.
The Morning-Star, true *Venus*, high Aspires,
Darting on ev'ry side, unblam'd and free,
Her gracious glittering, lambent, amorous Fires.
Bright Morning-Star of Gods Eternal Day !
For this we shout aloud, we Sing, we Pray
Amen, Hosanna, Hallelujah.

Ah dear Divine *Urania* now be kind,
Speak thou, and leave the wretched Man behind.

THE Glorious *Aera Now, Now, Now* begins.
Now, Now the Great Angelick Trumpet sings :
And *Now* in ev'ry Blast,
Loves *Ever-lasting Gospel Rings*,
The Glad Triumphant Sounds
Through Vales, ore Hills rebound ;
Glory to the Eternal King of Kings.
Glory to the Eternal King of Kings :
The Glorious *Aera Now, Now, Now* begins.

O may through me the Mighty Trumpet sound ;
And spread its Fame the Woods and Plains,
The Isles and Seas around.
Let Sportful Echo's play,
And Dancing all the way,

Swell

Swell and Intune the trembling Sounds anew :
All well-tun'd Voices raise
To Great *Elchajahs* Praise ;
Peace to All Worlds, Dear Love to Man, to God his Ho-
(nour due.

○ *Pass* through me the Mighty Trumpet sound,
And spread his Fame the Woods, and Hills, and Plains,
The Isles and Seas around.

Proclaim aloud the mighty Jubilee,
That sets *each World* of Captives free :
Proclaim, Proclaim the mighty Jubilee.
Let all the Heavenly Nine
Wreath Arm in Arm entwin'd ;
All in one high Love-labour'd Song agree :
Let Muse and Grace combin'd
With Harmony Divine,
In sweetest Consent, perfect Unity
Melodious Voices joya.
Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee,
That sets *whole Worlds* of Captives free ;
Proclaim, Proclaim aloud the Mighty Jubilee.

Hail Morning-Star of God's Eternal Day :
For this we shout aloud, we Sing, we Pray,
Amen, Hosannah, Hallelujah.

○ Bless the Dawn, salute the Morning-Star,
Thrice bless the happy Womb that bare
Sophia's Darling Child,
Lustrous, All-charming, Mild ;
Bless, Bless, and Kiss the Daughter fair,
And for the Nuptial Bowers prepare
Of God's Eternal Bride ;
Bless, bless the happy Lovers by her side.

Arise ye Lovers true,
Arise, arise ye wondrous few ;

Apparitors

Apparitors Divine ; ordain'd, fore-sent,
Heaven's beauteous Virgin Queen
To attend and Usher in ;
The Mother to Adore, the Bride to Complement :
Blest Virgin, Mother, Bride in One :
Thrice sacred Band of Love, and Mystic Union !
Arise, arise ye wondrous few,
Arise ye Lovers true.

Long in in glorious Ease obscur'd ye lie,
Despis'd, neglected ; yet neglecting too,
Nor caring what the Impious trifling World
Could either say, or do.
Orelookt by Man, yet Lov'd, and favour'd high
In Heavens Regard, and God's Auspicious Eye.
Whom neither high Preferments Charm can move,
Ambition Fire, or Beauty prompt to Love ;
And yet to Love most true.
Out of the Everlasting Virgin's Womb,
Sons of the Morn already born anew :
Born into Time.
And Wing'd at will to ascend the Aetherial Clime,
Angelick Men, Imbodied Seraphim.
All Captives to the blest *Sophia's* Charms ;
Thro Wisdom's Mazes bright,
Wandring in Tracks of Light,
By her still guided and exempt from Harms :
Still kept
From inazy Errors tangling step,
From Paths untrue
By her fair Silver-twin'd Mercurial Clue.
Dear Captives to the bright Sophia's Charms ;
And yet more loudly to proclaim
Transcendent Love's and Beauties Fame,
Long wrapt in the Divine *Urania's* Arms.
Wrapt in the Dear Divine Urania's Arms,
Plumdring her Sweets, and Rifting all her Charms.

Ye wondrous few arise,
God's Heralds true; throw off your mortal Guise,
Now lift your sweet, loud, speaking, Trumpets high,
Now let your jocund Levets fill the Sky;
Tell, tell the drowsie World their God is Nigh.

Now let Eternal Song unbounded flow
With Torrent deep, serene, Majestick, flow;
Disdaining Arts Controll
Like Heavens full spangled Canopy,
Moft Nice, and yet moft Free,
Rang'd by Dame Nature's artful Liberty.
Let evr'y Point a Star, each Line,
In Constellation fhine;
Each Living Word a Soul;
In Thousand differing wayes,
Varying to God new Praife:
Now, Now let your Inspired Seraphick Strains
In mighty Numbers Roll.

Proclaim, proclaim the Gracious Jubilee:
And fet the Sin-bound Captives free:
Proclaim, proclaim the gracious Jubilee.

O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound:
And spread its Fame the Woods and Plains,
The Isles and Seas around.

Let Sportful Echo's play,
And dancing all the way,
Swell, and Intune the trembling Sounds anctv:
All well-tun'd Voices raise
To great E L C H A J A H's Praife,

Peace to all Worlds, dear Love to Man, to God his
(Hénour due

O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound:
And spread his Fame, the Woods, and Hills, and Plains,
The Isles, and Seas around.

And ye fair Virgin-Daughters of the Morn;
Sion's first Blemoms; from New Salem born:

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High *Paradisial Nymphs* appear,
The *Virgin Queen's* attendant *Graces* dear :
Haft, haft away,
And joyn your Powers unanimous to Proclaim
The *Wondrous Year* ;
The Great, the Good, the Now-Revolving Day ;
Full Period-Circle bright, of Endless Fame.

Ye Paradisial Nymphs appear ;
The *Virgin Queens*, Attendant *Graces* Dear :
Sions first *Blossoms* ; from *New Salem* born :
Rise ye fair *Virgin-Daughters* of the *Morn*.

Arise and Shine

Illustrious Troop of *Heroins* Divine ;
Celestial *Amazons* ; untaught to yield,
With Heaven-Aspiring Ardors, sprightly vigor filled.
In this, The *Virgin's Day*, most forward ; bent
Zealous their very *Hero's* to prevent.
In Terrible-Majestick-Gay Parade,
Hell's fierce Imbattel'd Legions first t' invade :
With Orient Beams of Light,
Scattering the Misty Gloom of Night,
And chasing every black Infernal Shade.

Arise and Shine

Illustrious Heroines ;
Cherubick Phalanx bright of *Amazons* Divine :
Arise, Arise and Shine.

Yet tho' deep skilled in Spirits War-like Arts,
Nature has fram'd, Love Arm'd ye, too too free
Far deeper Wounds, to give ; and nobler Darts
To fix in pure and captivated Hearts,
In whose High-tinctur'd Forms harmonious move
The fiery quick *Serpentine Energy*,
Charm'd by the mildness of the Peaceful *Dove*,
Inviting still to Love.

Contraries here agree
In strictest Unity,
Each other to improve :



The fierce and powerful *Sting*, and lofty *Spire*
Co-mingling to *exalt* the Amorous Fire.

You at whose Presence Mortal Beauty must
Abscond, and in Confusion kiss the Dust.
 Beauties too flaming Bright
 To be endur'd by Humane Sight :
Which but unveil'd would quench the Inferior Out-
 ward Light.

The Glances of whose Eyes are Lucid Beams,
 In-drawn from the All-radiant, One,
 Divine, *Supercz* *Jeffial* Sun :
 Where his full Streams,
 Pointed in Central Union,
 Himself produce in Lustrous Image fair
 Of his Belov'd *Eternal Son*.
 Henee darting ev'ry way
 In each reflecting subdivided Ray,
 The little Loves intranct
 With innocent and wanton Dance,
 Thousand enshrin'd celestial *Cupids* play.

From whose Coralline Lip
Angels their Spicy Draughts of *Nectar* sip ;
Quick darting the divine Love-flaming Kiss,
 In free *Enormous* Bliss.
In whose fair Cheeks the Tinctures pure combine :
The matchless Diamonds sparkle *Paler* Bright ;
 And in their Orbs of Light
Enchase the Glittering Rubies *Sanguine* Flame ;
In radiant Blush of Modesty Divine,
 Exempt from Mortal Shame.

Here Re-aspiring from their humble Vale
To meet the inclining vigorous scented Male,
 In their Dewie Fruitful Bed,
Their *Sharon* Rose the *Virgin* Lilies wed.
 Whom, as with strict Embrace inwrapt,
 They lock within their Flowery Lap,

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A Stock of Graces numberless proceed ;
A Spring of lesser Beauties breed.

The clear traluent Forms all Shade disdain,
Disclosing freely to be seen,
The Wonder-World within ;

Each *Argent* Nerve, and ev'ry *Azure* Vein :
The beauteous *Love-Eye* burning in the Heart ;
From whence Loves Centres endless multiply,
As thick-set Spangles of the Sky,
Raising a Sting of Joy in ev'ry Part.

In ev'ry Point a *Venus* bright ;
Each Star a World of new Delight,
Opening an unexhausted Spring of Bliss,
Each Nymph her self a *Paradise*.

So fine, so pliant the external Mould ;
That ev'n therein the brighter Soul,
With all its Graces Train,
Imprints it self distinct and plain,
And as in Fabled Streams,
Where Silver Currents roll

On Orient Pearl, and Sands of Gold ;
Displays her rich inestimable Gemmis.

Which free exposed to view
In their untarnish'd native Hue,
Reflex thro Bodies *Chrystilline*,
In their transparent *Mirror* shine,
But deeper yet and more amazing Fair
Out-shines, out-flames thro' her,
Express, the *Only* Sons resplendent Character.

Now, now ye Paradisal Nymphs appear ;
The Virgin Queens Attendant Graces Deir.

Arise, arise and shine
Illustrious Brigade
Of Heroines Divine ;
In Terrible-Majestic-Gay Parade :
With Orient Beams of Light
Scatter the misty Gloom of Night ;
And banish every black Infernal Shade.

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Arise and Shine
Illustrious Heroines,
Cberubick Phalanx, bright of Amazons Divine,
Arise, Arise and Shine.

Haft, Haft away,
And let your well-trim'd flowing Tresses fair.
Waving in wanton Ringlets, Gild the Air;
Ont-beaming Sun-bright with pellucid Ray:
And as they loosely move,
Fan'd by fresh Oderous Gales of Love,
With Heavens warm Gentle-breathing Zephyrs Play.

Haft to Proclaim
The Great, the Good, the Now-Revolving Day;
Amen, Hosanna, Hallelujah.

Haft to Proclaims
The Period-Circle Full; of Endless Fans:
The Great, the Good, the Now-Revolving Day:
For this we shout aloud, we sing, we pray,
Amen, Amen; Hosanna, Hallelujah.

Hero's fall back again,
Lead up the Virgin Train,
And Hand in hand as Love-pair'd Twins advance
In Sacred well-pact Myfick Dance,
Tracing on holy Ground,
Circling Jeboab's Altar round,
Where Ay Love-Incense burns, Goodnes and Grace a-
(bound,
Whence Living Coals out-fly,
Generate and multiply,
Seraphick Ardors ev'ry way to impart
To each bright-flaming and Love-melting Heart.

The quick Celestial Fire's
Straight their Sweet-warbling Tongues inspire,
While ev'ry Voice and ev'ry Trumpet sings,
Glory to the Returning King of Kings;

Love's

Lov's Golden **A**era Now, Now, Now begins
Now, Now in ev'ry Breath, in ev'ry sound
The Universe around.

Loves Everlasting *Gospel* rings,
Glory to the Returning King of Kings ;
Loves Glorious **A**era Now, Now begins.

Fresh springing still th' *Inspir'd Harmonious Vein* ;
Tunes up to higher **K**ey and loftier Strain ;

In more Inchanting Layes,
Varying new *Hymns of Praise*,
Jointly th' ascending Voice and Soul to raise :
Ev'n till they both aspire,
And join with the Seraphick Quire ;
And under Gods bright Eye
In Influence serene they lie,
Dissolv'd in Rapturous *Hallelujahs*.

As that sweet little Chorister that flies,
And singing mounts the Skies ;
Till all his Breath and Song be spent ;
Then down he falls in sweeter Languishment ;
So do Angelick Souls in Sounds aspire :

They mount and Sing
Upon the Doves bright Wing ;
That gently fans and feeds th' *Ethereal Fire* ;
All Emulous to win the steep Ascent,
The mighty Mountains Seven ;
Those Lilie-deckt, and Rosie-flowring Hills,
Form'd by th' All-bounteons Hand of Heaven.
Its Darling Sons with meer Delight to fill ;
Till in Melodious Ravishment,
Their Powers, their Voice, their very Soul be spent :

The Light
Becomes too blazing bright :
The Bliss
Unsufferable is.

Then down with Speed they take their humble flight,

*Solomon's Porch, Introductory Poem to Jane Lead's
Fountain of Gardens, Vol. 1*

In Adoration deep ; yet but retire
To embrace more Near, and be exalted higher.
Now, Loves last, sweetest *Mystick Death* to try,
Rapt in sublime Exstatick Joys Expire :
Intranc'd, and silent lie.
Thus in soft languent Slumbers sweet, true Sleep,
That Rests in Gods *Abyssal Deep* ;
The rest in Visionary Dreams they See ;
They *Trust*, they *Feel*,
What is unknown, Immense, Unspeakable.

Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee,
That sets each world of Captives free,
Proclaim, Proclaim alcu'd the Mighty Jubilee.

O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound :
And spread its Fame the Woods and Hills, and Plains,
The Isles and Seas around.
Let Sportful Echo's play,
And dancing all the way,
Swell, and Intune the trembling Sounds anew :
All well-tun'd Voices raise
To great EL CHAJAH's Praise,
Peace to all Worlds, dear Love to Man, to God his
(Honour due
O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound ;
And spread his Fame, the Woods, and Isles, and Seas,
And Heaven and Earth around.

Too long, too long the wretched World
Lies waste, in wild Confusion hurl'd,
Unhing'd in ev'ry part ; each Property,
Struggling disrang'd in fiercest Enmity.
The whole Creation Groans ;
And Labouring with Perpetual Toil,
In Man's Rebellion vile,
Her own Hard Fate bemoans.
But now shall Natures Jair
Cease her intestine War :

Now

Now shall the long Six working Days of Strife,
Attain their Line and to their Crown arrive;
At last let free
In peaceful Rest of Sabbath true:
Heav'n and Earth created new;
To Celebrate a Universal Jubilee.

Concord divine now meets in ev'ry Part,
And Love subdues and Reigns in ev'ry Heart,
Ore all,
In Summ or Individual,
Triumphant Harmony, Triumphant Love
In Sweetest Unity,
Combin'd together move,
Ev'n from the Zenith high
Of the clear boundless *Empyrean* Skie,
The Throne of God;
Down to Earth's iamost Central deep abode,
All is Concent and perfect Amity:
All in Proportion due,
In Weight and Number true:
Ev'n from the Zenith high,
The All-radiant Throne of God,
Down to Earth's inmost central deep Abode;
Nothing but Love, but Love, and Harmony.
Where every Voice, and every Trumpet sings:
Glory to the Eternal King of Kings;
Loves Golden Era, now, now, now begins,
Now, now in every Breath, in every Sound
The Universe around,
Her Everlasting Gospel rings:
Glory to the returning King of Kings,
Loves Glorious Golden Era now, now begins.

Now harmless thro the Skie
Let the sweet, whisking, treble Lightnings fly:
Full Base frm Shoar to Shoar,
Shall in deep Thunders Roar:
Not Death, not Horror now, but Melody.

Now,

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Now Mighty Bard sing out thy Sonnet free,
Nor doubt, it true shall be.
Come Thou and joyn
Thy loud Prophetick Voice with mine.
" Ring out ye Chryftal Sphears,
" Now bless our Humane Ears:
For ye have Power to touch our Senses so:
" Now shall your Silver Chime
" Move in Melodious time;
And the deep Base of Heav'n's great *Orb* shall *Blow*.
From the bright Zenith bigh
Of the cl ar bounale's Empyrean Skie;
From the All-radiant Throne of God
Down to Earths inmost central deep Abode
Nothing but pure Concert and Unity:
All in Proportion due,
In Weight and Number true,
All Universal Love and Harmony.

This Globe Terrene no longer turn'd Askance,
Hitch't in her Poles shall now direct advance,
And thro the liquid *Æther* dance:
And on her Axle Spin:
In an-Harmonious round,
Breathing Substantial Dense imbodyed Sound.
Then shall surcease the Ungrateful Din
Of jarring Sphears and clashing Orbs around:
While this Wonder-Machine,
Engine of Harmony divine,
Shall through the Echoing Welkin play;
And every where
Its melting Air,
In clear Triumphant Sounds convey:
Iuto each obvious rowling Sphear
Mingling her Ringing Atmosphere.
Which as it springs
Still more transparent, bright, and sounding clear,
At first divides in lesser Rings,
Compaſted close, in Voice acute and shrill,
More to the Surface near.

Then

Then wider Waves Indented, till
The Circles swell, the Sounds begin to fill.
Still Wid'ning more and more ;
Till with deep *Gentle Roar*,
In full mouth'd Peals Orb within Orb resound.

Here in Epitome—
Shall the vast Heavenly Sphears collected be ;
And down through them transmit their Harmony.
Each Sphear, each Star shall now dispense,
With Passage free in direct line ;
And full Aspect Benigne,
Its various Powers and proper Influence.
Which in Her hallow Womb,
This Globe shall deep Intomb ;
Where from her Central working Urn
They shall arise, and into Body turn :
And shoot from Centre to Circumference.
Her Caverns dark must now enlightened be,
Unfetter'd, free ;
As one transparent vast self-moving Wheel
Of liquid Crystal, open to Reveal,
Her rich innumerable Stores,
Her various Wonders great, and her own Acting Powers.
These upward move, and on the Surface play,
Adorn'd all Beauteous, Bright, Amazing, Gay :
And there,
Themselves in Radiant Flowers, Fruits, Metals, Gems
(display :
All Living, Breathing, sounding free
Into the All-uniting Element,
The One Capacious Air,
B'owing from ev'ry Pipe a Different Harmony ;
Still from the Lower Circlets upward sent.
" Thus every grateful Note to Heav'n repays
" The Melody it Lent ;

Thus from Earth's inmost Central-deep Above,
Ev'n to the Zenith high
Of the clear boundless Empyrean Sky ;
To the All-Radianc Thrones of God ;
All is Concert, and perfect Unity ;
All in Proportion due,
In Weight and Number true :
In ev'ry Motion, ev'ry Sound
The Universe around,
All is Triumphant Love and Harmony ;
Thro' All the Heav'ly Dove
Breaths Her Eternal Love ;
Collecting ev'ry various Tone,
All Acts, all Powers, all Hearts in One ;
Center'd in Beatific Union.

Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee,
That sets each world of Captives free.
Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee.
Let all the Heav'ly Nine
Wreath Armin Arm entwin'd.
All in One high Love-labour'd Song agree .
Let Muse and Grace combin'd
With Harmony Divine,
In sweetest Concert, perfect Unity,
Meledious Voices Joyn.
Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee.
That sets each World of Captives free :
Proclaim, Proclaim aloud the mighty Jubilee.

O may thro' me th' Awakening Trumpet sound ;
And spread his Fame, the Woods, and Isles, and Seas,
And Heaven and Earth around.
Let Sportful Echo's play,
And dancing all the way,
Swell, and Intune the trembling Sounds anew :
All well-tun'd Voices raise
To great EL CHAI AH's Praise,

Peace

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Peace to all Worlds, dear Love to Man, to God his
(Honour due.

O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound,
And spread His Fame the Woods, and Isles, and Seas,
And Heav'n, and Earth around.
While ev'ry Voice and ev'ry Trumpet sings,
The Glorious Era Now, Now, Now begins.
Now, now th' Angelick Trump His Message brings ;
And now in ev'ry Blast

Loves Everlasting Gospel rings :
The glad Triumphant sounds.

Thro' Spheres and Worlds rebound,
Glory to the Returning King of Kings.
Glory to the Returning King of Kings,
The Glorious Era now, now, now begins.
For this we Shout aloud, we Sing, we Pray,
Amen, Hosannah, HALLELUJAH.

Hast now my Soul, and lay thy humble Ode
Low at the Feet of thy Returning God.
Make hast to Welcome Heaven's Eternal Queen ;
She is by some already seen ;
Come here to Live,
And ere 'tis long to Appear,
Transfus'd in Her Great Representative.
Sure when she leaves the blissful Seats above,
And comes to Teach, and Give us too, Celestial Love,
None can the Rebel play
To that dear Scepters sway :
She thinks none here can Disaffected prove.

Great Hero's ye must now give way,
And learn a Female General to obey ;
Led on to mighty Deeds and vast Renown,
To Eternal Glories Crown,
By the Divine Illustrious Deborah,
The High-born Beauteous Amazonian Queen,
Immortal Heroine :

Of all the Virgin Train most dazzling fair.
Mother of All, and All compriz'd in Her.
Who ere She Dies
Up to Mount *Sion*'s blissful state arrives.
And in Her Age,
On the Celestial Rosie Bed
Of fragrant Spices lies.
True Phœnix who in Heav'ly Flames Rev'ves.
To Her
Heav'ns lofty Virgin condescends familiar ;
Unlocks Her Secret Cabinet, and shows
Where Her inestimable Pearl is hid ;
Where run the *Golden* Mines so long forbid,
To Purblind Mortals ; Where the *Union* flows
Divine, and where Lost *Paradise* on Earth
Restor'd, Immortal springs, and fairer grows.
She teaches Her how to Project alone
The Divine Magick-wonder-working *Stone* :
But that to purer Souls as free she may
Her Secrets, Wisdom, Stone convey.
To fix the true *Ascension Ladder* high,
That leads directly to the Sky,
The rising Cherub Soul ev'n here to Glorify.
And to Proclaim the Gospel Pure ;
Wonders unknown of Gods surprizing Love :
Which Firm and Sure,
Spight of fierce Demons Hate or Sins controul,
For ever shall endure.
To Her she gives all free
Her Priyy-Garden Key
That leads us to the *Still Eternity* ;
Which only is
The true Transcendent Virgin-Paradise.
Whence she such Flowers of various Kind and Hue,
Imbalm'd in Odorous Heav'ly Dew,
Into her own Spicy Garden brings.
In which each Flower,
Indued with multiplying Power,
Pregnant becomes of Thousands more.
Hence th' unexhausted *Fountain* of fresh *Gardens* springs.
Here

Here living Trees their glittering Arms extend ;
Apples of Gold the Silver Branches bend :
Plenty Luxuriant without End.
Here round the *Oak* of Strength entwines
The softer Amorous *Eglantine*,
Which hitherto tho' wild, and barren-wast,
Here bring their proper Fruits too high for Mortal tast.
The stately *Elm* still Weds the *Wining Vine*,
Whose Branches wide-Embrac'd profusely Pour
Their large *Escallion*-clad Dower.
The Princely Cedars Heaven-aspiring Clime :
And fit to build the Presence-Ark Divine,
Th' Incorrumpible Trees of *Shittim*
Nor wants Improv'd that *Indian* Wonder-Tree,
All Spices in Epitome,
Whence we the true Perfumes and Incense bring,
To ingratiate and Attone the Offended King :
Ev'n till the Savour of oar Ointments move
The Bridegroom dear to grant his Love.
Amidst the Trees of Faith and Life aspire ;
Most Virtuous-rich, and Goodly to behold :
O see 'em! Blooming fair
With Orient Pearl, and pure Amorosial Gold.
Hail Blest *Elysian*-flowery fruitful Vale :
Eden transplanted now.
Here Blushing *Roses*, *Lilies* Love-sick Pale,
High-Purpled Mourning *Violets* humbling low,
With Pinkt *Carnations* of collected Graces grow.
Here is the Sun-Flower true
Of steady fixt Love-Contemplation high,
That from th' Eternal Sun ne're turns its Eye.
Here the Dove-Gates in Gentle *Zephyr*'s Blow :
Here *Sions* Golden Rivers boquillels flow ;
Pure Nectare-Ambrosial Streams, that spring
With Quintessential Element Divine,
And the New Kingdoms Flaming Wine,
From the clear *Glossy* Sea, Loves Ocean, bring.
These are the Gardens of Mount *Lebanon*,
Where Wijdons Temple can be raised alone,
By the True second *Solomon*.

Whele

Whose Glorious Representative shall here
 Become its Mighty Founder ;
Himself most radiant and Head Corner-Stone
 Next to th' Eternal One.
Hail Great and Powerful CYRUS, Thou art He
Foreknown and Chosen from Eternity.
True Hyacynth who like Jasper Bright
Loves charming, and with evermore unite,
Mingling thy Stream of Power with Rays of Light.
Hail Glorious King DAVID and MARY One :
Hail Types of Greater Glories yet to come :
Hail Pledges of the Blest MILLENIUM.
Blest Pair 'tis Now, Now you begin your Days
When the Divine SOPHIA Sings your Praise.
The Rose and Lilly of th' Imperial Crown
The Flower and Beauty of the Heavenly Throne
The V. and M. of the Creation.
Blest Pair thrice happy now begins your Days,
When the Divine *Sophia* Sings your Praise.
Hail Glorious King DAVID and MARY One :
Hail Types of Greater Glories yet to Come.
Hail Pledges of the BLEST MILLENIUM.

Hail Powerful Eaceous Kind Harmonious

V. M.

Arise, arise ye glittering Temple Stones,
Arise ye Precious *Twelve* Foundations.
Hail and your Ravish'd Souls in one combine,
All in One Heart, One Life, One Glory shine :
To Raise of Spirits all compact and Pure
Wisdom's Magnificent Immortal Structure.
Each Princely Pillar Generating more,
Story on Story rais'd, with Golden Spires,
Waving their Streamers of Celestial Fires.
While the true Doves from ev'ry distant Shoar
To the Love-Windows fly, and Add their Store,
Till to the Heavens they Build her Lofty Tower.

Thea

Then down in Love the very Heavens shall Bend:
Then shall the *Still Eternity* descend:
And shouts of Victory the Skies shall rend:
With full-ton'd Acclamation Anthems clear
And Love Congratulations Deems.

Thus down in Love the Heavens themselves shall bend;
Thus shall the *New Jerusalem* descend:
And God shall Tabernacle Here with Men,
World without End.

And here at Rest Heav'n's Glorious Virgin Queen
In all her Darling Beauties, Charms Divine,
Majestick Port, and Glories unconfin'd,
Sits on her Royal Throne, in her high *Fane* Enthron'd
And in the *Mirror* of her Heavens so clear
Presents her Iustrious Son, in whom Express
Outshines the Glory of his Father Dear.
In and through All the Eternal Peaceful Date,
Out-pours the Burning Sea of Everlasting Love.
While lond each Arch-Angelick Trumpet Sings
Glory to the Eternal King of Kings.

While ev'ry Breath and Sound,
The Echoing Spheres and Worlds around,
In Universal *Hallelujah* Rings.
Glory to the Returning King of Kings.
For this we Shout aloud, we Sing, we Pray,
AMEN: HOSANNA: HALLELUJAH

MEAN while we turn our Eyes and Ears intent
To Heavens Embassadress to Mortals sent,
To shew her Virgin Mother's Love-Intent,
Through her a sweet Iuchanting Ray she Sings;
And purer Souls Inviting Thus Divinely Sings.

Now Open wide ye Everlasting Doors
And swiftly Fly the Winged Hours,
Till your Great Lebanon Prince, the Mighty King
In Solemn Triumph enter in:

All

All your Fresh Springs with Heavenly Dews to fill,
Flowing from ev'ry Spicy Quill.
That you may Drink those Nectarine Draughts so pure,
To Effect the Universal Cure.
Quint-Essence streaming from the Godhead Source ;
So Ravishing sweet, of such high Force ;
As to transmute Man's Earth, and drossy Mold
To Pearly Beauty, Living Gold.
Crown'd with the Sun and Star-bright Glory high ;
Clear Substance of a Deity,
Thus meetly Qualified and All Divine :
Companions to the Glorious Trine.
Such Heavenly Virgin Soul, shall free Command
The Treasures of their Nature Land :
Those hidden Mines, whose Springs of Golden Ore
Shall decайд Nature full Restore.
Fountains of Lebanon Generated free
Shall from this Golden Ocean be.
The Rapturous Joys whereof no Tongue can tell,
But Godhead Plants that in it dwell :
Who under th' shady Rocks high Banner grow,
Whence Love's spic'd Liquors ever flow.
O come and taste what Pleasures here abound.
Where would ye move in Endless round ?
You must from Dross Refine, and Mount away ;
Mingling no more with Earth and Clay.
But as New-Risen Souls make your Ascents,
To dwell in Lebanon's Golden Tents.

O England, Hear thy Genius loudly Call.
O Hear, and ere 'tis fixt, Prevent thy Fall.
Of Heaven thou most Abhorr'd, thou dearest Lov'd.
Whom one by True Poetick Instinct mov'd
Well Jesus has call'd ; " A moody Murmuring Race
" As ever tried th' extent and stretch of Grace.
Ah stop, take heed heed lest thou so Head-strong move,

As ev'n to Ruth the very Child of Love.
Still with Gods Prints inagent Favour'dly
And Prov'd as oft by his own Player diff'rent
He cannot spare. Yet cannot thee forget
O how His Fury ~~was~~ now the Compassions flow !
Mark thy child Saviour well, how late he stood,
Shedding at Salem's Gates his tender Blood
Ore thee again He Mourns, in Tears, in Sighs,
Wrung from his Bleeding Heart, and Melting Eyes,
Dance more, from the Exuberant Mercy-Store,
A Glorious Day shall touch Fair Albion's Shoar :
Take Heed, Prepare : for if thou wilst not see
The Visitation Day-spring offer'd Thee ;
If thou negleßt the STAR that wilst Appear
First Rising Glorious in thy Hemisphere.
Thou of thy Birth-right wilst Supplanted be ;
And Heavens full Shower of Blessing pass from thee.
The Morning-Star despis'd must Glide away ;
And to a better Land its clearing Beams display.
Then at thy Loss and Folly, for a while,
Shall the Fair-sprouting German Lilly smile,
Yet kind and free Allis thy Labouring Toil.
Then, Britain, then Prepare for Scenes of Woe.
Then Nilus shall the wicked Land Ore-flow.
A---s's Stately Pride must tumble down,
And B---s's Lofty Towers must kiss the Ground.
Then Happy who in Goshen's fruitful Land,
Sheltered beneath the Almighty's Wing, shall stand,
In Safety, Peace and Plenty at Command.
Till the short Gloomy Day be past and gone :
And soon another Brighter Morning Dawn,
Gods Hand, and Will, shall be too Glaring plain,
Longer to meet Neglect, or bear Disdain.
Jealous, provok't with Emulation-Fire,
Again shall British Piety Aspire.
As it sunk low ; so shall it now Rise Higher.

His *First-born*, God in Thee again shall Owr
And pouer the vast the Double Blessings down.
And *England's* Monarch High shall wear the Nations
(Crown.)

The Fivefold Portion Right belongs to Thee.
Then shall the Land from Curse and Toil be free.
And *England Benjamin Restored* shall be.

Onesimus.

A